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APPENDIX

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This little book is
affectionately inscribed
to Rodman Wilmawake,
whose love for his
co-workers greatly inspired
the Author to write down
his own story in the hope
that it might be of some
help to others.

Joseph H. Appel

New York, December 16, 1913

Appel

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Photo by Evans Studio, Phila.

JOSEPH H. APPEL

MY OWN STORY

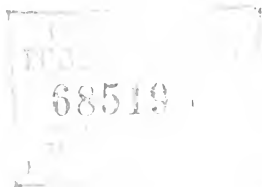
ILLUSTRATING
THE SPIRIT AND SERVICE
OF BIG BUSINESS

BY

JOSEPH H. APPEL



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The story of a boy who got into the spirit of life so that the life of the Spirit got into him,

Finding later that Business also has its stream of life—its own composite Personality—which must be allowed to flow strongly through all its members before they can become true business men and women.

INTRODUCTION

The fishes of the Sea open their gills to the Water and the great Ocean of Life flows through their bodies.

The inhabitants of the Earth—beast, bird and Man—open their lungs to the Air, and another great Stream of Life flows through them.

Life—a fluid—flows through all living creatures so long as they hold themselves open freely to its reception.

And now we are being taught,*

* By Judge Troward and other modern writers.

that man is surrounded by an ocean of Universal Spirit—or Cosmic mind, or Divine life, as it is variously termed—and that all he has to do to become a Master is to let flow through himself and to merge with himself this pure current of life—life original, universal and eternal.

Thus is explained genius. Thus is explained why one man can do more than another—can be more, can produce more, can earn more.

In proportion as man, the individual, merges and becomes one with the universal, so will he grow in body, mind and spirit. So will he grow above his fellow-men.

Introduction

The theory is interesting. I believe it is true. It explains many things: the action of the sub-conscious mind, for instance; the reason why we work out problems in our sleep; the action of hypnosis, of mind-reading, and of the many mental phenomena now being studied by scientists and psychologists.

Carried out to the Absolute the theory also explains—as well as mortal mind can comprehend it—the creation of the universe and the source of life.

But this little book is not concerned with such abstruse affairs.

It deals with the matter-of-fact affairs of business life.

It tells the story of one who found himself and his work after long struggle, in an organization of more than ten thousand men and women.

Since he found himself and his work only after the discovery that he must become one with the other ten thousand, letting the spirit and life of the institution flow through him; that he must sink his individuality in the composite of the whole to find it again; since he thus made his own discoveries along the paths of pioneers of modern Thought he feels justified in making this rather abstract introduction to what will be found to be a very practical, concrete and common-sense narrative.

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MY OWN STORY

CHAPTER I

THE story begins many years ago. I was three years old. My sister died.

To remember things that happen when one is so young is unusual. But death is an unusual thing—to a child.

I remember now only two things about the affair.

First, that something had happened to my sister. I saw her. I looked at her for a long time. She

did not move. She couldn't be asleep, for it was day. And she did not breathe.

The second thing I still remember is that I was conscious at the time of some *higher power*.

Of course, I did not reason about it. I was too young. I did not even call it a higher power. I didn't call it anything. But I remember distinctly feeling that something over which we all had no control was present.

My sister would not die, if she could help it. Nor would any of us let her die could we help it. We loved her too dearly. So, I wondered why she was dead.

My Own Story

I just felt that someone had struck a blow. It hurt. But it was all over.

And I went out to play.

CHAPTER II

MY next realization of a higher power came when I was six years old.

It sounds ridiculous now, but to me it was a tragedy—a greater tragedy than the other; for I was three years older and therefore capable of greater feeling.

The feeling was largely physical.
I was given a whipping.

I did not want to go to school.

I said I would not go. I cried. I kicked the wall. I threw my hat away.

My Own Story

And then came the higher power—my Father—after my Mother had coaxed and pleaded in vain.

Yes, I deserved what I got. And I got it!

I went to school—subdued, sorrowful, penitent—and strangely enough enjoyed every moment of that first day. How often we rebel against what proves to be a great blessing!

But I never forgot one thing—that there was a higher power now very close to me—not far off somewhere—a power that I first learned to respect and later to love.

CHAPTER III

FOR some years my life went along without incident that I can now recall. I studied and I played like any other boy. And I was happy.

Then came a thunder clap—out of the clear sky.

I told a lie.

I had probably told many other lies before this particular one. But this time I was caught.

The “higher power” caught me, of course.

I denied that I had told a lie. Oh,

My Own Story

yes, that was the natural thing to do. I denied it with words. I denied it with tears. I denied it almost with blows.

I had a great temper in those days and I summoned it to my aid. I needed every assistance I could get.

Then I discovered a strange thing. The more I stormed, the more indignant I became, the more I denied that lie, the quieter became my parents, and the sadder they looked.

I couldn't understand it. "I should think," I said to myself, "you would be proud that I didn't tell that lie"—"and I say I didn't, I didn't," I yelled out loud.

But I was beginning to weaken. There was nothing to fight against. And then my Father and my Mother walked out of the room and left me alone.

That was the last straw.

I couldn't stand it. The room suffocated me. To be left alone! I must have air. I must go away—somewhere.

I didn't go far—only into the yard; into the barn.

There I hid myself—and thought, and thought and thought.

I stayed there four hours.

The supper bell rang. I didn't heed it. I didn't want supper, anyway.

My Own Story

It grew dark. Bed-time came. Still I did not move. Nor, strange it seemed to me, was I searched for or called.

“They don’t care anything about me,” I thought, “I’ve told a lie; they don’t want me.”

Afterwards I learned that every one of the family knew exactly where I was; they were just letting me fight it out with myself.

Well, I fought it out, from beginning to end.

I soon admitted to myself that I had told the lie, but to admit it to my parents was the hard thing to do.

Finally, I summoned enough cour-

age—perhaps the darkness scared me into it—to enter the house.

I went to my Father's study.

I stood outside the door where I couldn't see him nor could he see me. But I could hear him writing. And I could smell that he was smoking, so I knew he would be in good humor.

"Papa," I said softly, "that was a lie I told."

"I know it was, my Boy," came the reply. And then, "Are you sorry?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, just remember, Dear, in the future, that God always knows when you tell a lie—and that God is

My Own Story

in you. Now run along and go to bed."

I turned, and my Mother caught me in her arms. I didn't go to bed at once, because she had saved supper for me, and I was hungry.

But all that night something seemed to pour through my head: "God is in you; God is in you."

And then for the first time I began to realize that this higher power is in ourselves; that we cannot deceive ourselves with lies or wrong-doing; and that, after all, to be true to ourselves is the main thing in life.

CHAPTER IV

WE must learn some lessons twice in this world.

The next episode in my young life that stands out now in my memory showed that I had not altogether learned to "be true to oneself," although its outcome will show I was learning.

This episode was that of my first cigarette.

I wonder how many of my readers will recall their first lie and their first cigarette!

I am relating the story of a nor-

My Own Story

mal and an average boy's life—and all boys, in the making, are pretty much alike.

Well, this first cigarette was like my first lie—it wasn't the first; it was only the first time I was caught smoking it.

I can remember the evening as though it were yesterday.

We were playing "Duck." I don't know whether "Duck" is played to-day, but it is a game in which a flat stone about a foot wide is placed on the street. On the top of this the player who is "it" places a small stone—his "Duck." Then the other players each pitch a smaller stone and try to knock off

the "Duck." In case they fail they must pick up their stones and run back to base line before they are tagged "it." If the "Duck" is dislodged it must be replaced before the other player can be tagged.

It was dark, and I was smoking that cigarette.

In running "home" once when the "Duck" was knocked off I stepped on the pavement, directly underneath a street lamp.

Some ladies were passing. One of them was my cousin.

"What! You," she said, "you smoking a cigarette! I shall tell your Father."

"Go ahead, Tattle-tale," I said—

My Own Story

and went on playing—and smoking.

But there was no more fun for me that night.

“If I only hadn’t called her Tattle-tale,” I said to myself, “perhaps she wouldn’t tell.”

I went home—and to bed; but couldn’t sleep. I was thinking. I knew I would not be “told on” until the next day, but the delay made it all the harder to bear.

The next evening I went to my Father. I heard my cousin had been at our house during the day. Of course she had told. So I decided to make a clean breast of it.

I said: “Cousin Bessie was here to-day, wasn’t she?”

“Yes, she asked about you.”

Then I was sure—she had told, the mean thing; otherwise she wouldn't be speaking of me.

“What did she say?” I continued.

“Oh! nothing much.”

“Did she tell you anything about me?” I asked timidly.

“Why, what would she tell me about you?” was the non-committal reply.

“She saw me last night,” I said.

“Yes, she said she saw you.”

I was doubly sure, now—she saw me smoking—and she had told!

“But didn't she tell you anything about me?” I persisted.

“Why do you ask?” my Father

My Own Story

said. "You must have something to tell me about yourself, my son; don't be afraid."

Then I told—because I thought he knew.

I began it with bravado—and wound up with a sob.

He listened. And then there was quiet.

Finally he said, "Well, your cousin did not tell me, Joe, but I am glad you told. God saw you, because God is everywhere. And for you to know that you were doing wrong is enough."

Then he went on quietly to explain that smoking is bad for boys because it stunts the growth and

weakens the heart. He wound up by saying: "If you feel like smoking again, come to me and I will give you a cigar." He probably thought the cigar would make me sick. But I took him at his word; I waited a few years and then went to him and said I wanted to smoke. And the first cigar I ever smoked was smoked with him in his study.

You see, Father and I were getting on. We were getting to be chums.

And I was learning more about that Higher Power—in my home and in me.

CHAPTER V

THEN I went to College.

Many things had happened since that cigarette episode. I had donned my first long trousers. I had fallen in love with my first "girl." I had been graduated from High School, delivering my first "oration." I had been "rushed" for a college Fraternity—and had joined it.

I had at last become a man—so I thought.

I remember clearly all these stages

of my life, but they do not touch the thread of this story.

I was born within the shadow of the college I attended. I was part of its life almost from the day I was born. Even now older alumni come back and say to me—a great big husky man weighing 175 pounds—“Oh! yes, this is little Joe, isn’t it, little Josie who used to sit on my lap when he wore dresses.”

And because the remark makes me mad I fire back: “Yes, the little Josie who used to watch you sparking his big sister. But you got left, didn’t you? You didn’t get her!”

With that we shake hands and are friends. We are “quits.”

My Own Story

Well, living next door to this college that I was now attending had taught me some things that were not good for me.

I used to see the students stick their heads out of the windows of a classroom and smoke a cigarette—just because the Professor was nearly blind.

Sometimes they would crawl out of the window and take “French leave,” after answering the roll call and getting credit for attendance.

Visiting the students’ rooms in the dormitory I soon became acquainted with “ponies”—the translations of Greek and Latin books, which are used *sub-rosa* in all colleges—and I

soon caught the trick of riding a pony through college.

I also was led to think that the wisest student was he who could go through college with the least work. Those who studied all the time were thick-headed. Those who studied rarely—and still got along—must be smart.

That I was going to college to *learn* never came into my mind—at first.

But I woke up.

The awakening came with the approach of Sophomore Test—an examination at the end of the second year covering everything studied during the first two years.

My Own Story

Test was only one month off. I picked up a book we had studied in the Freshman year. I glanced through it. It wasn't Greek, but it was Greek to me. I had "skinned" through the recitations on that book, somehow, but now when it came to review, I remembered scarcely any of it.

What was I to do?

I was face to face with that higher power again.

I simply could not "flunk"—I, the President's son; that would never do.

So I did the only thing I could do—got down and "boned" (every college boy knows what that means)

—studied day and night, reviewed every book (and this time threw the “pony” under the bed)—went into Test a much sobered and tired-to-death individual.

But I passed—I passed!

Not with glorious honors, but with percentage enough to avoid conditions and to enter the Junior Class.

It was a close call—no one knew how close, except myself, and those who passed me.

And I said to myself, “Never will I dodge again; I am going to study now.”

CHAPTER VI

I HAD said: "Never again will I dodge the issue; I am going to study now."

But youth is fickle. A Summer's vacation apparently knocked out of my head all the nightmare of that Test. I went back to College in the Fall still care-free—and began again to worm through another year without hard work.

Luckily my sense of pride came to my rescue.

Ridicule sometimes is stronger than admonition. It was ridicule

that at last aroused my pride and saved me.

I had been "talked to" by the Professors. I had been urged to study "for my Father's sake." Many means had been used to make me see the path I was walking. All to no avail.

One day in class I was reciting Greek. I had gone over it with my "pony," and was stumbling through the translation fairly well. I came to a word that I could not remember. I stammered and stuttered. Finally I said: "I did know this morning what that word means, but now I have forgotten it."

There was dead silence for a

My Own Story

moment. Then the Professor raised his head, and with a smile, quietly said:

“What a pity you have forgotten the meaning of that word; it is one of the few Greek words that no one has ever yet been able to translate into English. The world has lost much by your forgetfulness, Mr. Buncombe, *you may take your seat.*”

“You may take your seat” was thundered at me, and as I sat down a snicker went all over that classroom.

I was done for. I tried to smile, but the smile froze on my face. Then the blood rushed to my cheeks

My Own Story

in a flood. I was a liar. I was a hypocrite. And everyone knew it!

That lesson was a lasting one. The higher power bore its way right into me then and there. I pulled my real self right out of my body—and looked at it.

It was a strange feeling that possessed me. I seemed to be two individuals. One was the slinking, mean, deceitful creature that I had been. The other was the real I.

I—the *real I*—held the other fellow off at arm's length, and looked him over from head to foot.

“What a poor, miserable creature you are,” I thought. “Why don’t you ‘buck up’ and get to work?”

My Own Story

“You’ve got it in you. The trouble with you is, you’re lazy and conceited and ‘stuck-up.’ You think you don’t have to work; that you’re smart enough. Well, you’ll learn differently later. You are a coward and an ass, that’s what you are.”

Perhaps I called myself still more names, I don’t know.

But I do know that right there began the regeneration of Joseph; that from that time I “buckled down” to hard work—and made good.

The phenomenon of taking myself out of myself and giving myself a good talking to was inexplicable to me then, but now I know that

it was my sub-conscious self—the great cosmic consciousness that flows through us all—rising superior to my objective mind and dominating me for the time being.

That higher power—the universal life—was growing stronger in me.

I was taking my rightful place as part of the Divine life that surges through the universe.

CHAPTER VII

THE Junior year went along smoothly. My scholarship improved constantly. I began to get marks in the nineties. I was sincere in turning over the new leaf.

At Commencement time I entered the competitive Junior Contest in Oratory, and won the first prize, a gold medal.

I also won honors at football, was a member of the Glee Club, and Editor of the College paper.

Surely it paid to work!

My Own Story

But so much good fortune was again my undoing.

I grew the "swelled head."

I began to think I knew it all. Yes, I would be the Valedictorian of my class the next year, and finish college in a blaze of glory.

It was all settled in my mind. All through the Senior year we talked it over in our Fraternity gatherings. I was to have the Valedictory and that would be the chief honor.

I studied hard and passed Senior Test, and walked into the President's room the day before Senior vacation to hear the honors given out.

My Own Story

And then came the thunder-clap again: "The Valedictory is awarded to Mr. ——" —not my name at all. In fact they doubled up honors that year, and gave First Honor and the Valedictory to the same man.

To make matters worse I was chosen as one of the ten orators for Commencement only because a man ahead of me was going abroad and would not be present on graduation day. I was eleventh on the list for scholarship; the ten highest were honor men.

Right there I lost my head again. I sulked.

Instead of going ahead and preparing my best oration for Com-

mencement, and showing that I was the best orator of the class and deserved the Valedictory—as I know I could have done—instead of doing this I sulked, and dawdled, and fooled the time away. The oration I finally delivered was scarcely second-rate, and I almost “stuck” in the middle of it.

I had not learned then—what I have learned now—that adversity makes us strong; that to overcome setbacks is to temper our steel; that we must “prove out” ourselves before we are taken at our own value, and that we must always earn a reward—or an increase in salary—before we secure it.

My Own Story

I left College to go into the world in rather a morbid frame of mind.

And yet I was developing a fighting spirit. "This is play," I said to myself. "Now for real life—I will show them."

But I was destined to learn still more lessons before I began to "show them."

CHAPTER VIII

BY way of entering real life I began the study of law, in my brother's office.

First, I had to pass a preliminary examination, in order to be allowed to register as a law student.

Here again I was not above resorting to a few tricks.

By a little judicious inquiry I learned some of the idiosyncrasies of the examining lawyer.

One was that he made every college graduate translate his diploma—which was in Latin.

My Own Story

Another was, that, being a strong Episcopalian, he always asked what was the established Church of England.

Still another test was to bound the county in which we lived.

But I don't believe I fooled him. The very fact that I glibly read my diploma and answered the other questions almost before he finished asking them, must have given me away.

However, I passed. I was duly registered in the Court House as a law student. And then I sat down to take life easy.

"I have three years to prepare (I registered as a minor) ; if I study

hard the first year I will forget it all by the end of three years," I said.

So I waited. Dawdled in "Society." Took up court reporting to pass the time.

I waited. Yes, I waited too long—just as I had done in college.

The years flew by. Six months before the three years were up my brother said, "Joe, you can take your examination next June."

"Oh, can I?" I said to myself. "Maybe you think I can, but I know I can't."

But that word "can't" stuck in my mouth. I didn't like it. I had run up against it before and conquered it. I would conquer it now.

My Own Story

I withdrew from my associates. I gave up court reporting. I gave up everything but my law books.

I studied. Yes, I never knew before what study was. No chance to deceive now. I was to go before a committee of lawyers—eight of them—and each of them was to examine me *orally* in a branch of the law.

No chance to work secret rolls or slips of paper with information on them.

No chance to look into books.

No chance secretly to ask aid of a fellow student.

Alone—all alone—I was to face

those men—and I was to speak right out my answers to their questions. No delay. No time to think. I had to know it at once or I didn't know it at all—and I would be rejected.

Well, pride again came to my rescue. I wasn't going to fail. My two brothers were lawyers—they had passed the examination, so would I.

It wasn't hard when I got down to it. After the first few days I enjoyed the work.

The six months passed like six weeks.

I grew calmer as examination day approached. I even stopped all

My Own Story

study three days before—to let my head clear. I went to see Buffalo Bill the night before the test.

And then I sat—with confidence—before those ogre lawyers—and for two hours answered their questions.

The next morning I was sworn in as a full-fledged lawyer.

“Well, Joe,” said my brother, “you have now taken your last examination.”

“Yes,” I replied, “and I am mighty glad of it.”

I had yet to learn that we never take our last examination; that life is an unending series of examinations; that we must examine our-

My Own Story

selves and be examined each day if we are to amount to anything.

But I was opening my mind and heart to the great ocean of life—and the cosmic power was flowing through me stronger and stronger.

CHAPTER IX

MY first law-case before a jury was pretty nearly my last case.

I wasn't destined to be a lawyer and I soon discovered it.

As a boy, when asked, as was the custom, what I was going to be when I grew up, I always replied: "Perhaps something new will turn up by that time."

Surely there was nothing new in these old musty law books and records!

And, anyway, I had not the pa-

tience to bring a suit one year and wait three years before it came to trial and then another two years before the Supreme Court finally passed upon it.

But I did try one case before the jury.

I was appointed by the Court to defend a man charged with theft.

He wasn't much of a man and I wasn't much of a lawyer. We made a good team.

There was very little evidence on either side, but it was mostly against my man.

Finally the testimony closed. I began my speech to the Jury.

It was my maiden speech in the

My Own Story

Court. Some of my friends were there to hear it.

I waxed eloquent. I thought of that Junior Oratorical prize I had won—and of the Valedictory I had lost. I thought also of my remark “Wait until I get into real life and I will show them.”

Here was my chance. I would show them. I would acquit this man—this persecuted, hounded martyr; this poor creature against whom the whole world had turned, whom I alone could save.

“This man,” I said to the Jury, “starving to death, who did not have a morsel of food for three days (I was imagining some of this)—who

may have taken the money (although he nor I would admit it) was driven to the act (if he did it) by hunger—stark, naked hunger!”

And so I went on, sawing the air with my arms and rolling the words out of my mouth.

I ended.

The District Attorney said a few quiet words. The Judge gave his charge. The Jury filed out.

In five minutes the Jury returned.

“How find you the prisoner?”

“Guilty, as charged,” came the reply.

As they passed out, one of the jurors turned to me and said, “Young man, that was a fine speech

My Own Story

you made, but you forgot one thing: this here county ain't no wilderness; the prisoner could have got food at any farmhouse he would ask and I don't believe he was hungry at all."

There it was again—that higher power. This time it was the law—the majesty of the law. I could not overcome it.

I was face to face also with another force of Nature—the force of coöperation; the force of the composite.

I had now become a member of society in its broadest sense. I must mingle with people. I must learn their ways. I must learn to give and take. I no longer stood alone.

My Own Story

The prisoner whom I defended had broken a law of society. He must suffer.

The twelve jurors, acting in concert, had convicted him.

I was now in the world and learning its real lessons.

CHAPTER X

TIME hung heavy on my hands for six months.

No clients came. I wrote a few deeds, made a few searches of titles, but such work was about as exciting as picking blackberries under a hot sun.

One morning a lawyer friend opened the door of my office.

"Joe," he called out, "want a newspaper job—on McClure's *Times* in Philadelphia?"

It was an electric shock to me. I sprang up. "Yes, siree," I said.

My Own Story

“All right, take the 12.58 train. Twenty dollars a week”—and he was gone.

A newspaper job—in a big city—and twenty dollars a week!

What luck! I could already hear the presses rumbling, the newsboys crying “extra,” and the people eagerly reading an article I had written.

I had done a little original writing (in addition to Court reporting) for the local papers. I had been stung by the writing bee. Now I was to be an editor. Do you wonder I was excited?

It was then ten o'clock. I went home, changed my clothes—put on

My Own Story

my "Sunday best"—caught the 12.58 train, and was sitting at my desk in Philadelphia tackling my new job on the *Times* at 4 o'clock the same afternoon.

I was State Editor. My business was to read all the State newspaper exchanges, make clippings, and prepare a column for each morning's *Times* on "State Politics."

From behind a newspaper, I looked cautiously around the office. There was one other Editor there—I cooed over that word "editor."

Could it be true? Or was it a dream? I, an Editor in a great city! And six hours ago I was a poor

lonely lawyer without a case in a small town.

Whew! it took my breath away.

I don't know how I got through that afternoon, but I did get through, making my clippings, putting my copy on the hook, just like a real journalist.

That night I took the eleven o'clock train for home, packed my trunk, went back again on the early morning train—and remained on the *Times* for more than four years, receiving an education that was far more helpful, I believe, than even my four years at college.

The Philadelphia Times—under Colonel McClure—was called the

My Own Story

Training School for newspaper men. During its short life it turned out more real newspaper men than any other American newspaper.

Of course, I hadn't yet met Colonel McClure. He probably did not know I was on the staff.

But one morning he knew—and I knew!

I was summoned to Colonel McClure's office. He sat there straight and rigid in his chair. He held the *Times* in his hand. It was open at the Editorial page. His finger was on the column headed "State Politics"—my column.

"Young man," he rasped out, not even calling me by name; "young

man, did you write this?" (It was a paragraph expressing an opinion about a political fight in one of the counties of the State.)

I said I wrote the paragraph.

"Well, I want you to know," continued Colonel McClure, "and I don't want you ever to forget it, that when the *Times* expresses an editorial opinion I will express it and not you—go back to your work."

That was all. It was quietly said. And I never forgot, although the day came when I did express opinions in the *Times*—wrote editorials myself under Colonel McClure's direction.

My Own Story

Here was that higher power again; that power to which I must bow down.

Here, too, was the spirit of organization; the impersonal and yet strongly personal spirit of an organization that stands before the people as a distinct entity, yet which is made up of many men of many minds.

I was learning now to merge myself—my individuality—into the universal.

And the universal flowing through me was beginning to make me stronger individually.

That way lies success.

CHAPTER XI

THOSE four years on the *Times* taught much to me.

A new vista was opened. I gained a new perspective. I not only saw life, I lived life—the life that is about us all the time.

And going through various positions on the newspaper—city editor, telegraph editor, news editor, foreign editor, editorial writer, night editor—I began to live the life of the big world—the universal world.

To write a novel one must live the novel. To paint a picture one must

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be the subject of the picture. We can create only that which we feel, that which we are.

A newspaper man actually lives the life of the great world he tells about.

He commits murder and arson and burglary. He runs the gamut of crimes and tragedies.

He is a millionaire, a pauper; a Governor, a Mayor, a tramp; a suffragette or a suffering mother whose son has gone wrong.

He is every member of society as the story he writes changes his mood.

I myself fought with Dewey at Manila, with Schley at Santiago, as

I deciphered and rewrote the cables that came in the dead of the night to my desk.

I suffered in the trenches at Santiago. I ate the rotten beef furnished the soldiers.

I saw Hobson sink the *Merrimac*.

Yet I was never a day absent from the *Times* office in Philadelphia.

But real as this experience is, there is something of "play acting" about it.

I longed for the genuine thing. I had depicted and pictured life in the newspapers, now I wanted to live it, actually—and have someone write about me.

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The opportunity for change came; but strangely enough, I was to continue to write; to write, however, about things instead of about people.

I say the opportunity came. That is not quite true. It did not come. I went after it.

One morning about two o'clock after the first edition of the newspaper was off the press, I went to a restaurant to get supper, as was the custom.

On the back page of the *Times* was the full-page advertisement of a store.

I looked at it dreamily.

Suddenly a thought came to me

“why shouldn’t advertising be made news?”

Isn’t a store a little world—why not tell its news?

I slept over the thought. It gripped me till the next noon when I awoke.

I wrote to the owner of the business, telling him how to do his advertising.

That letter was as follows—for some reason I have kept a copy in my files:

“I called at your office this afternoon to see you in reference to a business suggestion that I have to make, but you had gone for the day. Your secretary advised me to place

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my proposition in writing, instead of attempting to see you personally. I, therefore, send this letter with the request that if my suggestion meets with your approval I be granted an interview at the earliest possible day.

“My proposition relates to your advertising page. Briefly it is that the page be made up every day like a news page, with display headlines and other features resorted to by newspapers to make their first page attractive. Of course, the matter would simply be news of the store, but it should be arranged like news of the world to catch the public eye.

“I have studied your advertisement for a long time and this suggestion is the result. All advertisers nowadays are following your lead in making their display attractive. The step I suggest would be a decided advance and have the merit of being absolutely unique and novel. The position of your advertisement in the newspapers—on the last page—gives the opportunity for splendid display, and your page can be made more attractive than the first news page. You would also have the additional advantage of being able to lead where no one can follow because you have the right, as I understand it, to the last

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page and no advertiser can get it from you.

“In nearly all your advertisements a portion is in the shape of an editorial. This I would set in editorial form. The detailed advertisements I would group under several heads according to their comparative worth, and edit and arrange them under headings as though they were current news. There is no limit to the different styles of make-up of the page, and I am confident your advertisement would attract as it never has before.

“I would make the page look like the first page of a newspaper in every possible respect. I would

use a newspaper heading—for instance:—Daily News.

“In fact I would make the page a newspaper of your store which would have the greatest circulation of any paper in the world.

“Of course, this is only a rough outline of my plan, but it is sufficient for you to decide whether or not you care to have a personal interview.

“My proposition is not absolutely an unselfish one, for if you adopt my suggestion I would like to be engaged by you to carry out the plan.

“Now, as to my ability in this direction”—and then I went on to

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tell briefly who I was and what I had been doing. I concluded:

“I feel confident that I can give a new impetus to the advertising end of your store and desire a chance to explain my views in person.

“Kindly reply at your earliest convenience.”

In reading over this letter now it sounds rather urgent. But I wanted to get married. I was in a hurry. I wanted to get on.

At any rate the reply came at once. It read:

“Come and see me.”

The next day I said “good-by” to the *Times* and became a writer of advertising in a great store.

Everyone said I was making a mistake—my newspaper associates, my friends, and strongest of all my family.

“Going into business!” they sneered. “Going to write advertisements. You, an editor!”

To-day my newspaper friends are still earning \$25 and \$30 a week, and I,—well, I am making something more.

And my family now say it was the best move of my life.

It was a move—surely! From the quiet of an editorial den to the teeming life of a store with five thousand employés and fifty thousand customers a day.

CHAPTER XII

I SAID we saw and lived life on a newspaper. So we did.

But here—in this store—I lived it more deeply. Life—actual life—was everywhere about me. I touched elbows with it. Even the merchandise seemed to be alive—and there I found the great secret. I thought I was to give up writing about the living to write about the dead—dead merchandise; I found that merchandise is more alive than some people, because it

has wrapped up in it and woven in its very thread and fiber the vital lives of those who make it and of those who use it.

There is no such thing as dead merchandise to those who have eyes to see and minds to imagine.

My imagination was inherently strong. My newspaper experience had given me eyes that see. So, I came to my new job pretty well equipped.

Good eyes and good imagination are essential in business.

But it was slow work—this learning to write advertising. In newspaper writing one's readers are responsive—they are eager to read.

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In advertising one must first attract an audience—by sheer force of personality pluck them out of the busy world and make them read.

I wrote the veriest nonsense at first. My instructor did not have to tell me so; I knew it.

Then the secret came to me—rather suddenly. It is this: find the vital point in the story to be told; tell it in short sentences; stop.

The stopping was the hardest thing to learn. Every advertiser writes too much; makes the story too complex. One point at a time is enough for the average reader to digest.

Two other things I learned: (1) to let the merchandise do the talking; (2) to assume the attitude of the customer and give such information as the customer would ask for were she talking to the salesman over the counter.

I say I learned two other things. I learned a thousand other things, but this is not the place to tell them. I am not writing a book on advertising.

I am trying to write a little book on life—to give the experience of one boy who found himself and his work by opening his head and his heart freely to the life in which he

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was plunged—letting its Divine forces flow through him freely.

In the telling of this story only such incidents as touch the main current are being narrated

CHAPTER XIII

I WAS learning. Yes, I was learning too fast.

One day my "nerve" ran away with my reason.

I had been in the store six months. My salary had been raised once.

Then my old enemy "Swollen Head" caught me again.

I asked for a raise in salary. A big raise. I asked to have my salary doubled.

My reasoning was this: I was doing more than twice as much work, and doing it twice as well as

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when I came; surely I should be paid twice as much salary.

I forgot that I hadn't earned my salary when I came to the store; didn't earn it for some months afterwards.

I was yet to learn that we all must earn an increase in wages for many months before we get it. It is the way of life.

But soon I had ample time to think of these things and many others.

I had sent my demand—yes, it was a demand—for a doubled salary, in a note to the head of the business.

When I reached my office the

next morning a reply was on my desk.

I wondered a little at the quickness of the reply. My note could not have reached its destination before that very morning, and here, before I was at work, was a reply.

There was a subtle warning in that speed. I felt it before I opened the envelope. Someone, and he the Head of the House, was on the job before I was. There was meaning in that.

I opened the letter.

It was in the third person—the cold third person. It read simply:

“If Mr. —— is not satisfied with his salary, Mr. —— desires him

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to feel perfectly free in seeking a position elsewhere. He wishes to stand in the way of no one's advancement."

Each word cut like a knife.

I was stunned. It had all happened so quickly.

I didn't want another job. I was perfectly satisfied with the one I had. I didn't even want more salary. That idea was already knocked clear out of me.

Fortunately I was again quick to act. Before the breach widened I went to the Chief's office, told him I didn't want to leave and asked him to forget all about my note.

He was kind, of course. He

didn't scold. He gently told me to go back to work, but added this: "Don't ever worry about your salary again, I will take care of that."

And he has kept his word all these years—wisely, thoughtfully, generously.

The rest of the day passed lamely. I couldn't do much work. There was too much to think about. Finally I reached these conclusions:

(1) I am not independent: no man is. We must live with and for each other.

(2) I am now part of a great organization and I must mold myself to its ways.

(3) I must grow naturally, which

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means slowly. There are others ahead of me who first must be promoted.

(4) I must show an increased earning power before I can command a larger income. I must show this clearly and continuously for a certain time.

(5) No one likes to be dictated to, least of all the head of a great business. (This I blue-penciled on my memory.)

(6) I must not try to boss before I have learned to be bossed.

All of these axioms are only another expression of what I had already learned in another form; namely, that the higher power con-

tinues to boss us until we let it flow through us, and only when it becomes a part of us are we competent to boss and dictate and lead.

But when I went to bed that night my wife said:

“Well, I’m glad you spoke out; your Chief will think more of you for it.”

The best thing about being a woman is that she can speak her mind as she pleases.

CHAPTER XIV

ANOTHER year went by. Business was good. I was doing better work. But I wasn't exactly happy.

Slowly a rank poison was entering my mind and heart—the poison of suspicion, of jealousy, of hate.

I lent a too-willing ear to gossip.

A great store breeds gossip. Any large aggregation of people breeds gossip.

I began to listen to those socialistic tales of how capital grinds down labor. I heard of great fortunes

being made out of the bone and sinew and blood of under-paid employés. I was besieged with stories of favoritism, of rank injustice; of cold, hard, cruel tyranny.

We began the morning and ended the day with such talk.

Then we began to smolder and rumble.

Finally came the eruption.

The store was to celebrate a great anniversary. The Founder of the Business was returning from Europe.

It was planned to have a great Jubilee among the store family.

As part of the programme all the

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employés were to march through the store, past a reviewing stand, and salute the Head of the House as we passed.

Shades of Cæsar! Are we going back to the days of Rome? (Thus ran my thoughts.)

Are we living in Feudal times? Shall I bow the knee to a Master?

No! a thousand times, No!

I fairly boiled—and my kind friends—Socialist friends—helped me to boil.

Everyone else in the store may march—and salute—we said. *We will not.* We said *will not*, because our wills were speaking.

And we did not march. No, we remained at home that night. We were heroes.

The next morning we were summoned to the office of the Chief.

"You were not present last night," he began quietly.

"No," we said.

"Any particular reason?"

My immediate boss began to explain. "We did not like the occasion," he said, "we were not in sympathy with the movement. It was too much like tyranny—"

"Stop right there!" thundered our Employer. "If you folks don't understand the spirit of this business any better than that you can't

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write about it. You are dismissed on furlough. Good day!"

We filed out.

"Dismissed on furlough." What did that mean? Were we discharged? Was this the end of it all? Or was it only an enforced vacation? And if a vacation, was it a vacation with or without pay?

We had heard of a sailor being home on furlough, but the expression, applied to business men and women, was new.

We adjourned to one of our homes and talked it over.

The leader said, "This ends it for me, I know. I am going to look for another job."

The rest of us said we would wait and see what happened.

One of the party got tired of waiting within an hour, went back and said he remained away the night before because a friend from another city wired that he would arrive that evening and wanted to see him on important business. He was reinstated at once.

I waited alone; silently; pondering the thing in my mind. Not quite alone, either, for I was married then.

It was a crisis in our lives in more ways than one.

A son was born to us at the end of the first week—our first child.

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That complicated our financial condition. We had saved but little, and I did not dare to go to the store to draw my salary for fear it had been stopped; that word furlough remained an unknown quantity.

But we did not lose faith. We kept on hoping—one, two, three weeks. They were the longest weeks, I think, I ever experienced.

Finally the postman brought a letter one morning. It read:

“Please see me, if convenient, Saturday afternoon, five o’clock, at my office.”

It was from the Head of the Business.

I was forgiven. The nightmare was ended. The furlough was over. I knew it, although the letter did not say so.

Well, I made my peace with the Chief the next afternoon. We had a good old-fashioned talk—as though it were between father and son.

I emerged from the office a much chastened individual and went back to work.

In six months' time I was made head of the department.

A dozen years later I attended another of the Jubilee occasions. This time I marched—joyfully, sincerely, with my head erect; proud

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that I was privileged to participate in such a gathering.

And when the parade was over—I, representing all the employés—I, the rebel, now the warmest patriot—I was given the honor of making a presentation to our General in behalf of the entire store army.

Truly, “he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.”

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CHAPTER XV.

MY own story is ended.

Now comes the most important part of this little book—the analysis of my experiences and their application to the life of everyone in business.

Every business man or woman, in a greater or lesser degree, goes through the struggle I went through. If I may cause them to understand it all and better to interpret the meaning of their struggle it may help them to grow more rapidly in

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value, both to themselves and to their employers.

Let me write here again part of the title page of this book:—

“How one boy got into the spirit of life so that the life of the Spirit got into him.”

“Finding later that Business also has its stream of life—its own composite Personality which must be allowed to flow strongly through all its members before they can become true business men and women.”

Does this have a new meaning to you now, in the light of what you have read?

Don't be discouraged if you do not understand it at first thought.

As I came out of that office when my furlough ended I said to myself: "My eyes are now opened. I am a new man. I have had a new birth. I see. I understand."

But they were words—only words.

I did not understand. I did not understand until a dozen years later

Only now am I beginning to realize this great truth that I am part of the great ocean of life that surrounds me; if I let it flow through me I will drink in its power and inspiration; if I shut my mind and heart to this Omnipotence I will remain stunted forever.

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Also this truth: In business we are surrounded with the same ocean of life, only this life has a Personality and Individuality of its own; if I enter into the spirit of the business I am engaged in, letting the spirit flow freely through me I will grow and prosper; if I shut out this business spirit and rebel against it I will suffer and remain stationary in my work.

Let us first examine briefly the nature of this great Ocean of Life that surrounds every self-conscious inhabitant of the world—just as the ocean of water surrounds and gives life to the fishes in the sea, and as the ocean of air surrounds and gives

life to the creatures of the earth. Then we can more intelligently examine and understand the nature of the Business Life or Spirit or Personality (call it what you will) which engulfs and manifests itself in every great business.

Quoting from Troward, the English philosopher:

“Man’s place in the cosmic order is that of a distributor of the Divine power, subject, however, to the inherent law of the power which he distributes. The very word Man means distributor. . . . The Supreme Mind is the generating center and we are distributing centers; just as electricity is generated at the

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central station and delivered in different forms of power by reason of passing through appropriate centers of distribution, so that in one place it lights a room, in another conveys a message, and in a third drives a tram car. . . .

“The All-originating power (this Supreme Mind) is working through us and for us . . .; we can fully trust it to open the way as we go along. . . .

“This does, of course, not mean that we are not to exert ourselves. We must do our share in the work, and not expect God to do *for* us what He can only do *through* us. We are to use our common sense

and natural facilities in working upon the conditions now present. We must make use of them, *as far as they go*; we must not try to force things, but allow them to grow naturally under the guidance of the All-Creating Wisdom. . . .

“The law of the relation between the Universal and the Individual mind is that of *reciprocal* action. . . . We shall then see the Divine Mind to be nothing else than Life, Love and Beauty—Beauty being identical with Wisdom or the perfect adjustment of parts to the whole—and we shall see ourselves to be distributing centers of these primary energies and so in our turn

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subordinate centers of creative power. . . .

“The Power which we are to distribute is the Originating Spirit itself. . . . The purpose of the distribution must be the more perfect expression of the Originating Spirit.”

Stop right here and think a moment.

What is the originating spirit of the business in which you are engaged? It is the life of that business; we know that. But what is it?

Why, surely, it is the Spirit of the Business; the spirit that created the business, that has kept it going for

years and years, and that now gives it its daily life. This is the Business Spirit we are to let flow through ourselves until we become so saturated with it that we are one with it.

To accomplish this—to open ourselves freely to this Business Spirit that it may flow through us and nourish us—we must *coöperate* with our fellow-workers. In business as in life “there is only one proviso attached to the forwarding movement of the Spirit in the world of our surroundings,” says Troward, “and that is that we shall coöperate with it; and this coöperation consists in making the best use of existing conditions in cheerful reliance

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on the Spirit of Increase to express itself through us, and for us, because we are in harmony with it. This mental attitude will be found to be of immense value in setting us free from worry and anxiety, and as a consequence our work will be done in a much more efficient manner. We shall do the present work *for its own sake*, knowing that herein is the principle of unfoldment; and doing it simply for its own sake we shall bring to bear upon it a power of concentration which cannot fail of good results—and this quite naturally and without any toilsome effort.

“We shall then find that the se-

cret of coöperation is to have faith in ourselves because we first have faith in God; and we shall discover that this Divine self-confidence is something very different from a boastful egotism, which assumes a personal superiority over others. It is simply the assurance of a man who knows that he is working in accordance with a law of Nature. He does not claim as a personal achievement what the Law does *for* him: but on the other hand he does not trouble himself about outcries against his presumptuous audacity raised by persons who are ignorant of the Law which he is employing. He is therefore neither boastful nor

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timorous, but simply works on in cheerful expectancy because he knows that his reliance is upon a Law which cannot be broken.”

CHAPTER XVI

LET us see, now, how we may enter the Spirit of the Business, and how we may open our minds so that Spirit may enter us.

“Getting into the Spirit of it—we all know,” says Troward again, “the meaning of that phrase in our everyday life.

“The Spirit is that which gives life and movement to anything; in fact it is that which causes it to exist at all.

“The thought of the author, the

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impression of the painter, the feeling of the musician, is that without which their works could never have come into being, and so it is only as we enter into the *idea* which gives rise to the work, that we can derive all the enjoyment and benefit from it which it is able to bestow.

“If we cannot enter into the spirit of it, the book, the picture, the music are meaningless to us; to appreciate them we must share the mental attitude of their creator.

“This is a universal principle; if we do not enter into the Spirit of a thing it is dead so far as we are concerned; but if we do enter into it we reproduce in ourselves the same

quality of life which called that into existence.”

Let us apply this to some well-known business institution—say the John Wanamaker store. Suppose *you* are working there. You must, almost immediately, feel that there is a *Spirit* present which pervades the entire organization. We may call it Personality or Individuality; but call it what we may, it is so strong that even a stranger entering the store for the first time cannot fail to notice it.

“This store is different from any other,” we say; “it looks different, it acts differently, it is *Original*.”

A similar Spirit may be recog-

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nized in one big Western store, in the Baldwin Locomotive Works; in all large and distinctive institutions, although its presence is not always so manifest as at Wanamaker's.

Now this Spirit of the Place is nothing less nor more than the Spirit of the Originator of the Business, tempered and flavored by the composite Spirit of the entire business family.

We have seen that the relation of the Universal to the Individual is *reciprocal*; one acts upon the other. The individuality of Mr. Wanamaker acts upon the individuality of each of his associates, and the in-

dividuality of each of his associates reacts upon him; the result is a Composite Individuality which becomes the Spirit of the Wanamaker business.

It is this Spirit of the Business which we must allow freely to flow through us if we would develop our greatest power and efficiency.

Right here is where many business men and women stumble and fall. The proper relation of the Individual to the Universal is perhaps the hardest of all natural laws to comprehend.

“I must assert my own individuality,” we say, “my own personality; in that lies my strength.”

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Yes, and in that lies our weakness also. Our individuality—our strength—grows only as we merge it with the *Universal*; we must constantly draw on the living fountain of the Universal Mind if we are to develop and increase the capacity of our own Individual Mind.

Troward says the secret is this: “The Universal cannot act on the plane of the Individual except by becoming the Individual, that is, by expression through the individual.”

How can this be done unless we surrender our individuality to the universal, thus finding it again in the universal?

The reason the individual does not surrender himself freely is because he believes in so doing he is giving up his own liberty. Yet to surrender freely—and only free surrender will do—he must have the power of choice. Just as he has the power to choose the good or the evil, to do right or to do wrong, so he must have free choice to surrender his individuality and merge it with the universal—the composite Personality of the Business—or else hold himself aloof in his shell and remain a dwarf all of his life.

Man is more than animal for the very reason that he has this free choice to decide. He has *intelli-*

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gence and *will*, which acting together become *volition*.

And it is this very volition which makes him a *creative* being; which enables him to make use of this Divine Energy that flows through him, turning its flow into different channels that will create different results and produce different achievements.

But just as the electric current may be used for good or for evil, so may this Universal Power that flows through us be used for the good of the individual and for humanity—or it may be misdirected—to a degrading or criminal purpose.

The criminal, we know now, has this Universal Energy flowing

through him, but he misdirects it. Crime is only misdirected energy.

We see, then, the importance not only of opening ourselves freely to this Universal Spirit, but of directing it, individually, to a good end.

This is the individual work for the individual to do.

As he uses this power rightfully he becomes stronger individually, and the power grows within him.

And so he may grow until he becomes a Master.

CHAPTER XVII

SO far we have learned these things:

1. There is a Higher Power.
2. This Higher Power has various names: God, Divine Energy, Universal Mind, Cosmic Thought or Cosmic Consciousness, Sub-conscious Mind; all, however, being summed up in the one phrase, the Spirit of Life, in which Spirit is Life and Life is Spirit.
3. This Life-giving Spirit is in ourselves; it is in ourselves just in

the measure that we open ourselves to let it flow through us.

4. This Spirit is also in Business—where it becomes the composite Personality or composite Individuality of the Business.

5. We, the Individual, can direct this Spirit of the Business, for good or for evil, just as we can direct the Spirit of Life for good or for evil.

Therefore it behooves us to do these three things:

1. Study the Spirit of the Business until we fully understand it.

2. Make this Spirit our very own, by letting it fully flow through our Minds and Hearts until we become One with the Business Spirit.

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3. Direct this Business Spirit with the full power of our Individual Lives, for the good of the whole business organization.

Thus each of us becomes part of the whole, finding our full and complete individuality in the higher expression of the universality of the Business.

This explains the meekness of the Master. It explains the simplicity of genius. The bigger the man the more child-like is his nature. He is more easily approached. He is more charitable. He is never hurt by criticism. He never criticises except to help. He is always open to suggestion. He is always ready

to assist the unfortunate. He knows that the same Divine Life flows through him as flows through every other member of society. He is his brother. He can hurt no one without hurting himself; no one can hurt him without hurt to himself. All are part of the same universal life.

When this universality of life is once realized we have made great strides towards Divinity.

CHAPTER XVIII

NOW let us apply this wisdom more concretely to Business Life.

I come for the first time into a business organization. What shall I do to absorb the Spirit of the Business, for that is the first thing to be done?

I must learn the details of my work, of course, at once. But while I am doing this I can open my eyes and ears to things about me, taking in and remembering the good, shutting out and forgetting the bad.

Here the power of choice comes into play again. The evil and the good are everywhere; it is for us always to select the good.

Now, suppose I am behind the counter, a new salesperson. What do I see and hear?

I see the customers as they come and go. I hear their questions and the replies of the other salespeople. I come in contact with all manners and conditions of people. I hear sharp and soft questions and commands, and sharp and soft retorts. I see the patience of my co-workers taxed to the utmost sometimes by customers who want to be shown everything, but who buy nothing.

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I learn, perhaps, for the first time, what snobbishness is, what thoughtlessness is, what cruelty is.

My head is in a whirl at night as I put away my stock and prepare to go home. I say to myself, "What have I learned to-day about the spirit of the store?"

I finally conclude this: I have learned that *Courtesy is the first law of trade.*

I have learned that those sales-people who are courteous have the most customers.

Courtesy implies and includes politeness, attention, solicitude, sympathy, kindness, patience, cheerfulness, earnestness, loyalty, faith,

—all epitomized, in a sense, in the one virtue LOVE—love in the fullest and highest sense; and we have seen in an earlier chapter that the three attributes of the Spirit are: Life, Love and Wisdom.

So if we have recognized Courtesy as part of the Spirit of the Business we have made a good beginning.

The following day we find another attribute of the Spirit of the place.

A customer inadvertently is given too little change. The cashier discovers it before the customer is out of sight. She is recalled. The mistake is rectified.

Or, it may be, a clerk, yielding

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to temptation, pockets a little money from the cash in hand. She is caught. I meet her in the cloak-room—in tears. I learn through her that **HONESTY**—inflexible honesty—is part of the Spirit of the Business.

When I assumed this new position I had a vague idea that *intelligence* was necessary to do the work, but now I find that intelligence—which I thought was only native wit and smartness—is a far bigger thing than I had any conception of.

Now I find that intelligence means intimate and thorough knowledge of merchandise and of the store system, and of everything

in general that pertains to store-keeping.

I am asked many questions by the customers. Is this all-silk? Will it shrink? Will it wash? Will it wear? How is it made? Is it yarn-dyed? Where was it made? Where do you keep so-and-so? How much is it? How wide is it? Can I exchange it if it doesn't fit? Suppose my husband doesn't like it; can I bring it back and get my money?—and a host of similar questions that fairly make my head buzz.

All these I must answer, courteously and intelligently. I know now what intelligence means; it

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means *knowledge*; yes, more than knowledge, it means WISDOM. And wisdom, you recall, is another attribute of the Spirit.

But above Love, which implies courtesy, and above Wisdom, I perceive something still greater in the business, something more vital—I begin to realize that the business is *alive*.

LIFE, we have seen, is the first attribute of the Spirit. So is it the very essence of the Spirit of Business.

I begin to feel a personality all around me. I become interested in the history and policies of the store. I ask about the Head of the Busi-

ness. I want to see him, to meet him, to talk with him. I want to become like him. I want to do as he would do were he in my place. I find myself saying inwardly, as a customer approaches: "Now how would Mr. Owner serve this woman were he in my place?" And I find at once I become "all attention." I am courteous, I am polite, I am patient, I am intelligent, I am solicitous that the customer may have careful and kind service. The customer smiles. I smile. We are both happy in our work.

When we reach that point of *trying to act as the owner of the business would act* we are beginning to

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let the Spirit of the Business flow through us; we are using that Spirit, that power, in a rightful way, for the good of the customer, the good of ourselves, and the good of the business in general.

No room in my heart now for jealousy, for hatred, for discourtesy, for thoughtlessness, for spite, for meanness, for revenge, for gossip, for back-biting. I am the owner of the store. I am the composite personality of the store; if I do evil to anyone or to a customer, I do evil to myself, I hurt myself.

This is the greatest lesson anyone can learn in business—and in life, too. Once we realize that we are

all one, working together for the good of all; that each of us finds his prosperity and salvation in the advancement of all, then the whole business, as well as each individual, takes a distinct step forward.

No more cross-purposes then. No more crossing of wires. No knifing each other. No talking and telling of tales behind one's back. No petty meanness. We are working hand-in-hand, in hearty, healthful, helpful coöperation.

We have found the Spirit of the Business—we have found that Spirit to be Life; and we have become one with that Spirit, with that Universal Life.

CHAPTER XIX

WE have now examined, to a certain degree, the Spirit of the Business in which we are engaged. We are trying to let it flow through ourselves—to become one with it.

What can each of us—the Individual—do to help along this merger? Just what is the right relationship, in business, between the individual and the whole organization?

I shall attempt to explain this relationship not by cold reasoning, but

by asking my readers to get a copy of Kipling's "Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know," and read his story, "The Ship That Found Itself." It is one of the most delightful tales Kipling ever told.

As you read you will begin to think of "The Business that Found Itself," and of "The Store that Found Itself"—and then of "The Man Who Found Himself"—in life and in business. Without knowing it you will soon be walking the path that leads to the merging of the individual and the universal—you will become one with the Universal Spirit, one and

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indivisible, forever and forever more.

The ship Kipling tells about was sailing on her maiden voyage.

The owner's daughter, having just christened the boat, remarks to the captain, in her joy, that now she is a real ship.

But the captain, with his larger experience, replies that it requires more than christening to make a ship; that she has first to find herself.

And then the ship goes to sea—to "find herself."

The sailing is smooth so long as the sea is smooth.

Then a storm appears.

The waves mount higher and higher.

The ship begins to creak and groan, and "to talk," as Kipling expresses it.

The various parts of the ship talk to each other—the capstan, the deck-beams, the deck-stringers, the frames, the plates, the rivets, the screw, the engines, the cylinders, the piston—even the steam, which gives much fatherly advice to them all.

Some of the parts cry out for more room—more play.

The rivets retort that they are placed where they are to hold tight, and they are going to do it!

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But even the rivets soon find that they can't hold absolutely tight, and they give a little—and then all the parts of the ship are eased up.

Finally one calls out that all should pull together.

The cry is taken up—"pull together, pull together."

The ship is finding herself.

Every part of her gives and takes a little. Soon all the parts begin to learn that they must give and take together, that they must work in unison, that even though each must render a different service, they all must work together for the good of the general service.

And when the ship finally comes

into the harbor, buffeted and battered by the waves, she has not only found herself, but more important still: each individual piece in the ship has found itself.

CHAPTER XX

MY business friends, let me ask you now, what are you doing to find yourself in business and to help the business find itself?

Are you pulling and pushing and twisting all alone or are you trying to find the Spirit of the place and work with it?

Are you holding yourself aloof from your associates—or are you getting better acquainted with them so that you may the better work with them?

Are you moaning and complain-

ing and growling and kicking about the work you have to do—or are you helping others to do their work, thus finding that your own work becomes easier?

Are you holding down and pushing your knees into those just below you—or are you lending them a helping hand, seeking to lift them up to the position you occupy?

Are you jealous of your neighbors and of your superiors—or are you studying them and their work, seeking to learn so that you may step up and occupy a higher position in the business?

Are you carrying tales to your boss—or are you going direct to your un-

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fortunate sister and brother when you see them make a mistake, showing them how to do the thing right, that they may learn and grow?

In a word, are you playing the game fairly and squarely and nobly—are you pulling together with your fellow-creatures—or are you a sour-faced, shriveled-up, envious and jealous pull-back?

Hold yourself out at arm's length—as I did when I was a boy. Examine yourself under the white light of truth. If you are on the right track, go ahead. If you are on the wrong track, right about face!

If you are on the right track you will feel the Spirit of the Business

flowing through you, like the blood through your arteries.

You will feel that the Spirit is helping you in your work, giving you physical strength, giving you a broader vision, giving you more knowledge, giving you a kinder and stouter heart to meet and overcome the battles of the day.

You will find that you are one with this Spirit, that you are helping to shape the Personality of the Store. *You are the Store!*

You will then find that since you are the store you are everybody who is in it—you all become one big brotherhood working together for the good of all.

CHAPTER XXI

I HAVE been in a hospital. This little book was born there. One has time to think in a hospital.

Surely the power that guided that surgeon's knife was not mere manpower.

Calm, steady, skillfully he did his work, with perfect faith in the outcome.

And I had faith, also.

I remembered that Higher Power. I knew it was in the surgeon. I knew it was in me.

When convalescing I lost myself

in thoughts of others. I was among sufferers. My friends came to see me and sent me flowers. I never knew before what real sympathy is, what real unselfish love is.

I never before got so close to humanity—and to Divinity.

I gave myself up to the Spirit of Life, and the life of the Spirit came back into me.

THE END



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